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LEAF PRINTS A LITERARY MAGAZINE

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PHI THETA KAPPA Spring 1967

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Phi Theta Kappa

1966-67

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FORWARD

"My task which I am trying to achieve," Joseph Conrad once said, "is the power of the written word. To make you feel; to make you hear; to make you touch; to make you see; this is my aim."

A literary magazine projects beyond the hearing, feeling and touch of each student; for, it encompasses all within his sight. His range is limitless, his power intangible.

Phi Theta Kappa as an honor fraternity has attempted, through this literary magazine, to encourage the expression and the appreciation of creative art, whether it be in the form of poetry, prose or art forms. The winners of the 1966-67 literary contest have their articles printed on the following pages of LEAFPRINTS.

FOUR SEASONS OF LIFE

Suddenly the barren earth erupts from a long sleep! Our eyes feast on the many splendors that only Spring brings--like a new born child, a small bud that will soon blossom and grow from a mere seed.

S. Jag

Summer follows forthwith with the dissolution of nature's blossoms, now only a memory, making way for the children of the summer
heat. Passing from infancy to childhood, as
Summer brings forth the new, shedding the old,
so children replace nature's gifts with accessories that will better serve their needs.

The way

Fall will be sad; for all nature begins to deteriorate with age, nothing being replaced. The earth will claim its own and begin to withdraw its beauty. Life, at its fullest, will slowly begin to lose its elasticity and slowly begin to ebb.



With vengence, Winter covers the many beautiful mysteries of nature with her blanket of snow. Having enjoyed all the gifts of God with no turning back, the earth is lifted to make room for man. Winter now covers all the mysteries, making way for another Spring.

s

From ashes to ashes, and from dust to dust, our lives are nothing more than the "Four Seasons of Life".

"The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn,
Morning's at seven;
The hill - side's dew pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven All's right with the world"

"Pippa Passes"

HOPE ...

I dreamed I was a tiny ray of light,

Reflector of the sun and ever so bright;

Through my body, colors of the rainbow passed

To the earth below and the sea so wide.

Each day, my strength mounted and grew,
'Til my warmth extended to places unknown.

Each day, my love for peace mounted

Shining hours for this cause crusaded.

Each night, I slept with hopes for tomorrow,

That each man, with his freedom secured,

Each nation, with its duties fulfilled,

Will find its places in the sun --
A ray of light, a beam of hope.

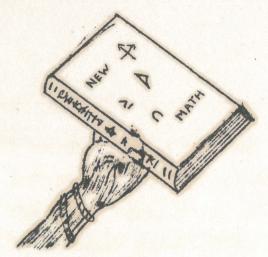
It shines like the sun against the sea.

Its brilliance gives pangs of ecstacy,

It draws as the miser to his gold,

It changes, and nothing's left to hold.

I see the core of the apple,
The bough of the bending willow.
The heart and the soul of a person
Tell all I need to know.



THE DAWN

Crystal was her name, and what her game was no one knew. She had the perfect attributes of a fashion model, from the shining beauty of perfectly shaped French curls to the stylish perfection of her black kid gloves.

Her black shoulder bag
hung just the right way--it
never wrinkled her dress or
caught in doors. Her hot pink
coat and matching paisley scarf
set off the pink in her cheeks
and the inky darkness of her
large eyes. Poise was her middle name; and grace, her mother.

She arrived in her red M. G. with the hood down, exactly

three weeks from the spring dance,
the highlight of the school year.
Since three was my special unlucky
number, this occasion had great
meaning for me. Any man worth his
salt in our school would at least.
try to take Crystal to the dance.
The rest of the female population
would play second fiddle. As for
me, I should probably play seventh
sixth if I got my braces off in
time.

All plotting and planning, charm and cunning of the last two months were now undone with the swiftness of one wiggle, one perfumed, breathy Hi! Her recitals in class were too much for the normal self respecting girl to stand. She glided up the aisle placed herself in the exact center of the range of vision of the most eligible, most attractive boys in

the room. Then, it happened. She spoke. Just one little "y'all" would send the dullest boys into disgusting ecstacy. The situation was getting desperate.

Not only was the school a disaster area; but also the only of dirty sweat shirts, useless other place to go -- the "Groove", balls of paper, snapped rubber part disco scene, part hang out, all fun. All she would have to do would be to drop her straw paper, and seven eager retrievers Had the locker been open, I would humbly grovel at her feet. faint in the middle of the floor pair, I had lost the key in my and the biggest reaction I could discarded paraphanalia, and the authentic shrieks left over from the latest "Rolling Stones" album.

believe the dawn was never coming. Then, something happened that caused me to question my

own personal judgement. It was two weeks before the dance, 336 hours of expectation, excitment and upset stomachs to survive.

I was busily cleaning out the firetrap I call my locker. Here I was in the middle of a pile bands and other essentials when, who should stop before me but Miss Cleanliness herself, Crystal. probably would have been hidden I could have collapsed in a dead somewhere inside. Much to my desever receive would be one or two door had shut. It was useless, I had to talk to her.

"Pam, honey", said she, "I was wondering if you were going "It is always darkest before to the dance on the 6th?" I the dawn", and I was beginning to shook my head yes, not wanting to look up. "I have this adorable yellow crepe dress that would look devine on you; I was wondering if faith in human nature, and my perhaps you could use it?" Could

my hearing be off? No, I had just passed my hearing test in school last week. That, at least the books and papers to me as I makes me feel healthy. "Why". I asked. Aren't you wearing it, or are you wearing one of your other creations"? My voice was

I just freeze up." She sat on the floor, beside me and handed placed them carefully into my locker. After that we walked over to the "Groove" and had a few sodas and a lot of talks. She told me beginning to smell of acid. I'm how lonely she had been. Things not going to the dance; I haven't are not always as they seem. I saw been asked; when I get around boysher in time, and now I had not an enemy, a friend.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

HUMAN FAILURE

Look at all the broken hearts And all tormenting pain. Look at all the tears that fall Like never ending rain.

Listen to the pleading prayers Repeated constantly: Listen to the silence of a soul no longer free.

Look how smooth the clouds float the clouds that are no more; Listen to the waves that now No longer flow to shore

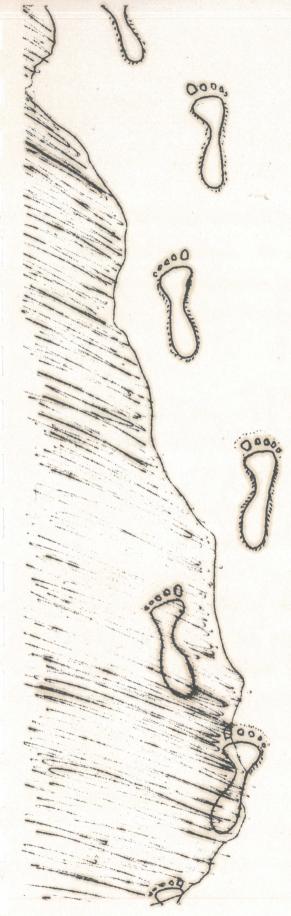
Smell the fragrance of a rose Whose petals fade away; Feel the hardness of a rock Now painted hard and gray.

Relive the rapture of a love Quite tainted with the past Recall anew a cherished life A life that could not last.

Sense once more the stinging pain the thought of loneliness; Be silent as the towers fall And crush to nothingness.

"Such sights as youthful poets dream On summer eaves by haunted streams..."

"Summer"



MY MORNING ON THE BEACH

I had never witnessed so much life and movement as on that summer morning, a few years ago, when I strolled along the beach. The raging sound of the waves deafened me as they slapped against the shore. In the distance, I watched the rocks, cities in themselves, completely disappear. The ocean buried them until they rose again as the great salt waves rushed out to sea once more.

I couldn't miss the newly awakened sun beams flitting across the water's surface like dainty ballerinas. Above, sea gulls exchanged early morning gossip among themselves; and, at my feet, sand crabs struggled to stay hidden in the sand as the waves continually brought them to the surface. Even pieces of wood and seaweed took on life and form as the ocean tossed them about, up and down, right and left, into its whirling foam.

Although I was but one solitary figure, perhaps even an outsider, my walk on the beach will always be to me a source of inspiration and peace.

THE WIZARD OF OZ - RECONSIDERED

The characters appear in new perspective. In a subplot, Dorothy, a confused adolescent, suffers because Auntie Em, a misunderstanding adult, does not agree to Dorothy's keeping of Toto, a dog, really her security symbol against the cruel and wicked accusations of the neighborhood "witch."

The main plot revolves around the trip to meet the wonderful wizard of Oz in the Emerald City. The tornado which sweeps Dorothy to her trip provides a favorable contrast to the psychological or spiritual upheaval within an individual.

Whom does the wicked witch of the West really represent?

Communist aggression, government frauds, drug addiction, rebellious young generations, morally

And the good witch of the North?

Peace, prosperity, human dignity,
the triumph of Christianity...

The plot thickens as one follows the yellow brick road - a path - and who determines how the journey will unfold?

...the people encountered and befriended on the way? First, the brainless scarecrow, dread-fully afraid of fire, symbolizing those people subject to the temptations of passion and laxity in matters of right, reason, or conscience.

The tin man without a heart represents members of society who act without regard for the feelings of others. Self benefit provides the status symbols of self, the only ideal of the "heartless" man.

The cowardly lion encompasses every rational being
lacking personal convictions.
The word committment never falls
on these ears. This man moves
with crowds, thinks with mobs,
and dies in numbers every day.

In search of these virtues necessary for happiness, the four approach the wizard. Whom does the wizard symbolize?

First, let us see how the witch and her monkey forces use of evil methods to make the road difficult. The witch, representative of evil, has followers in the monkeys, who signify those rational creatures who deny reason and humanity.

Now, where does the wizard fit in?

The mighty man determines the essence of the virtues which the individual wishes to acquire. Today, he seems to be society, yet he is an individual. The mighty wizard finally represents nothing other than each man's attempt to find his own identity and his relation to reality.

In the fantasy of a childhood, one can discover a guide
to every person met in a lifetime if one still believes in
fairy tales just enough to
watch the movie for the tenth
time and to reconsider its
values.

VACATION IN A WORLD OF FANTASY

Soft, tropical music; swaying, willowy palm trees; the smell of fresh straw, -all these combine to make a vacation in Nassau a tantalizing experience.

As the plane descends through the billows of white clouds, sparkling waters off the beaches greet the eyes.

Once in Nassau National Airport, the hustle and bustle begin. There is a mad dash to a hotel; for the only thought in everyone's mind is to get to the beach and warm sun before one of those unexpected squalls blows up. Those non sun worshippers might spend their days touring the off shore islands and famous spots of New

Providence. The straw market, warm, glistening, azure waters; the rum center, governor's mansion and palatial cottages in the hills prove to be very attractive tourist spots.

> With the setting of the sun. romantic Nassau comes alive. The sound of the goombay drums, morracas and casades carry native music through the palm trees. Torches light the way for the thousand of footsteps up and down the beach; the night becomes a whirl of dancing and merriment.

When vacation time is over, an airplane transports you back through the mountains of clouds where the world once again becomes a living reality and the fantasy of Nassau is but a memory and a dream.

"Seasons of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch eves run."

"To Autumn"

DEFENSIVE TACTICS

Catastrophic! That was
the only salvagable, gutteral
sound my person was able to
utter as the weekend's reading
assignment was make--a classical novel of 555 tiny leaflets.
Aside from the numerous, regimented discussionable details,
a test of trickery was to be
administered on the same date.

I had to act. To what

defensive tactics must one
revert for exceedingly high

percentiles I had it—the

abridged edition of the unabri—

dged edition of the edition.

A skeletal synopsis". With

an ideal guide to a mind read—

er's conpendium of plot, chara—

cter and setting, I was

redeemed. A prospective

scapecoat was forseen. Envelo—

ping my spirit were the sweet

sensations of accomplishment.

All was resolved; that is, until...while speaking with a fellow victim, I was advised to read the entire bound collection of literary treatises. Spontaneously refusing to do so, I was assured of a conquest since the test basis, assuming as I did, was to be objective.

The day for the trial performance arrived. After squeezing the remnants of the outline into my gray matter, I confidently awaited the distribution of test papers. Reception of such minutae produced stupification.

While gazing at the printed sheet, my eyes wandered and slowly ascended to meet the words in the bold print--"Write a complete evaluation of the assigned novel"-- I had failed. The tables were reversed. I was conquered.

DEATH ...

Death, hovering low

Over the child, asleep in the leaves

Once green, now fallen and brittle

Whines that this should be.

Washing her hands in the muddy stream.

She cleanses nought,

But vainly struggles

To blot out the stain.

Somewhere, beneath the setting sun
A new light faintly struggles.
Reality and wisdom strive.
Peter Pan is dead

PROVIDENCE

No peace to symbolize the dew
Immortal nobles punish
Give to space a plunk or two:
Root the selfish heart.

Show me subtle timpani
Underneath the warcry.
Sheltered, finite infamy.
Occurring through the rush...

DEPTH

Start with nothing,
then a thought.

Coherence in an endless
stream.

Emptiness with feelings strong.

Revealed as in a dream.

A DEMOCRATIC AMERICA ???

The citizens of the United States of America desire a democratic government controlled by all the people, a society in which political, legal, and social equality is insured. Scanning the crises occuring when live. Do we place our faith in negro citizens attempt to assert their rights, does one see a rejection of the ideas of democracy?

Though each instance may not headline the news, oftentimes, our neighbors and we ourselves literally reject and ignore our fellow men who represent different creeds, races, or languages. Can our native land be called democratic, if its people do not practice these God-given rights?

Yes, we encourage wholeheartedly life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, until an action with which we do not agree all. The world is watching! hinders us. Then, we all put aside our every day philosophy

and apply discrimination, contempt. or unscrupulous principles. When the crisis is over, out comes our bag of goodies, "In God we Trust." These hallowed words reverently dictate how each one of us should the Creator first, or is He also brought out of the bag as evidence of our Americanism?

We call America a land where man is able to do as he pleases without fear of discrimination. Is this why Negroes cannot live gregariously with the fair-skinned of our kind? Minority groups often cannot vote or talk of their beliefs because they fear that a modern Ku Klux Klan may deprecate the opinions expressed. Yes, we are free; but America can never be the 'land of the free' until she extends true and interminable freedom not license to America, wake up and be a world example of freedom and truth for

ON THE LIGHTER SIDE

REPORT CARD (WITH APOLOGIES TO LONGFELLOW)

Tell me not in mournful numbers, Numbers tend to be so graphic. What my final grade will be. Letters such as standard c. Tell me not in terms of digits, Can interpret as an eighty, Tell me alphabetically. Or more hopeful, eighty three.

Tell me not in terms numeric. Ah. the only one exception Tell me from an A to D. Is failure academically. Tell me not from sixty unwards, So, why not, for my effort, Tell me less specifically.

Give me a much kinder "E"?

SNOB

A snob has little money, But pretends to have a lot. With nose in air. Who really cares. What brand names clothes have got??

Trucks rumble, rumbling salesmen leave, door bells squeal, the noonday meal clatters, shutters clan, the man crinkles close, the paperboy smacks the house, the mouse evokes a scream, the world goes past your door, but all you can hear is "play some more."

CAN SUPER HEROES SURVIVE ???

Video Village,
that utopian society of loving wives, moronic
husbands, faithful dogs, has,
this season, unleashed a host
of new super heroes destined
to touch the hearts, if not
the soft heads, of many viewers.

Where Batman has failed,
Mr. Terrific and Captain Nice
succeed, if only by adding
insult to injury. These fabricated, dithering heroes make
even Clark Kent look intelligent.

The teen shows catering to those in the five to eight year category have made dancing seem like a dying, if not

an art of considerable torture.

Writhing about the floor, the 'regulars' move enmasse to the sounds of the sponsors' money jingling.

Super Lou, the Swinging
Sparrow, and other vaudeville
type entertainers lead the way
for the new type of television
entertainment called the 'more
moronic you act...the more money
you rake in...the more the more
the sponsor likes you...'

The only real enjoyment comes not at 7:30 p.m., when Bat-man visits your living room, but when Reef makes a mardi gras out of your powder room at 7:31 p.m.



"I, singularly moved

To love the lonely that are not beloved,

Of all the seasons most,

Love winter."

"Winter"

Flakes falling falling down, softly without a sound--people wearing frowns.

a kiss of white

a dull grey sky

sparkling crystals

reflecting light

a lonely bird searching

for Spring

a tree's stark skeleton

etched against the sky

a soft blanket

Nature's peaceful

sleep

WHEN WILL THEY LEARN

As I look down upon the center of the bustling city, hundering.

dreds of people pass beneath me.

Some of their faces reflect anger and scars left by the past.

Others are tired and worn, and still more are distrustful.

Neighbor passes neighbor, wondering...

A middle-aged man drags himself out of the sparkling white colonial bank. He has been replaced in his job by a mechanical brain; he feels inferior, useless. A few blocks away, a derelict is evicted from his shabby shack in order to make way for a new expressway. Emotions are heightened with the feeling that a great injustice has been incurred. On the corner of a main street, a group of pickets strike because of unjust wages and hours. On the opposite side of the street, parade a group of bearded, sign carrying

reactionaries, speaking out
against what they call an "unjust"
and "immoral" war.

Each of these persons is wandering aimlessly, secretly hoping that someone else has the same torments and feelings as he; each desperately realizing that others have their own problems, and no time for anyone else; each seeking for someone who will be continually at his side. But, each thinking that he is utterly alone, continues to grasp at bits of light that shine through their dismal lives.

When will they ever understand that I am always near,
that my love surrounds them,
and will ever guide their hesitant step? When will they ever
bear witness to the fact that I
am the Truth, the Way and the
Life?

When, when, when.....

MYSTERY

The Stillness, silence evoking grief when life ends, encompass me yet.

EVENTUALITY

No emptiness

Or shallow thoughts

But a hollow heart

Eternally falling

Into outstretched jaws

Of dim loneliness

Into the smothering atmosphere

Of unattainable depths

No night, no day

No light, no darkness

No cold, no warmth

No love, no hate

No mark of time

or its antiquity

Never emptiness

Never shallow thoughts

No, No thoughts at all

Nothing

But imperceptable loneliness.



APPROACHING FULFILLMENT
Hearts, overflowing
with love, render deep joy--mine
brimming to the top.

THE LIGHT

17 miles of darkness and not a sign of light.

I have traveled 17 miles hoping for a light—a light to see the way.
But no light appears.

The darkness causes me to falter.

I see no ruts and trenches -- T fall.

Many hands offer help, many voices call out, but I cannot reach them.

I struggle to my feet alone--in darkness.

18 miles of darkness and not a sign of light.

I have traveled 18 miles hoping for a light—a light to see the way. But no light appears.

Once again I fall.

Once again, I can accept no he'p because of my helplessness.

I struggle to my feet alone in darkness.

19 miles of darkness and not a sign of light.

I have traveled 19 mi'es hoping for a 'ight--a 'ight to see the way.
But no light appears.

My steps become heavy, I can no longer stand the burden.

My prayers bring no answer.

I fall the third time and again my revival is alone -- in darkness.

My 20th mile brings me to a crossroad.

One road is clear and full of light.

The other is blurred and dark.

I can no longer bear being in darkness -- I choose the light.

"Father into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

Cane sat alone on the dusty shelf in Santa's workshop, counting the days till Christ-"I will surely have to be picked this year", he cried the words sticking in his throat. "Of course you will", replied a voice from nowhere. Cane looked and looked around the shop. Suddenly, the voice came again. "I know for sure that this year you're on the list". Could it be that he was imagining this! Every year the goodies were being picked for the long trip to earth, Cane shined up his stripes and pressed his cellophane. But, alas, every year he was put back on the shelf.

It began to get dark in the small shop next to the toy room. A candle glowed in the dark, and the mysterious voice spoke again. "There was one special request for you this year. I know because I over-

heard Santa telling the elves to pick you up tonight before it got too late."

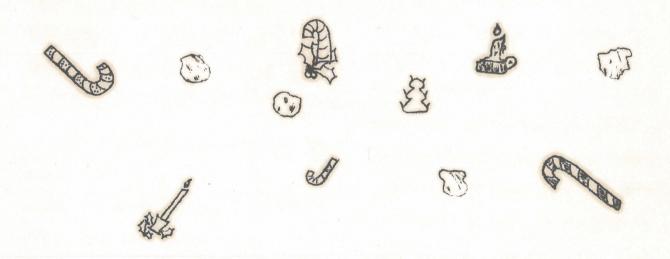
The door opened and the room was filled with a startling brilliance. Santa's
white beard and fur trim shone
like a Christmas star; in the
dark room, indeed he was a
star for Cane. Now, because of
him, Cane would have his one
chance to prove himself worthy.

Cane was placed very carefully into a large sack with a
foreign name scrawled across
the top. Inside he found two
of his old friends preparing
for the trip to earth. Candy,
with her cellophane glistening
and her eyes shining was settling herself down in the bottom
of the sack anticipating what
was to come. Cookie, who was
always crumbling about something,
was trying to get comfortable,

but his seat seemed to be a
bit crooked. "It's all for a
good cause." "I guess he means
the cause of peace and happiness."

All the way down the Milky Way, they went singing and talking of the joy that Christmas brings. The sleigh stopped and the bag fell out. Anxious hands lifted it and carried it

through a building to the sun outside. "Where is the snow", Candy asked. She was the romantic of the group. "There is none", replied Cookie, candidly. "Can't you see where we are"? We are in the jungle in Vietnam". This is the best Christmas I could ever have", replied Cane with a crazy smile. "These Christmases were worth waiting through", he thought as he was put into anxious but dirty hands.



The raging storm has abated. See the sky as morning's glory lights!

...TIME slips by, totally unaware of what it does...



The last leaf is down,

It makes the changing of TIME,

naked in the wind.

...Leaves that had been killed by a too early frost blew around us while we reclined on a white marble bench, warning us, with the wind, that TIME was running out...

Who cares about tomorrow?
Who dares to question why?
Who cares about you anyway...I

a moment--and these glowing
moments appear, here and there,
throughout each life time?...

TIME heals everything, but what heals TIME!

A PARADOX ???

Love is a gentle passion that you need all your strength to bear. Love is a feeling strong enough to bear the world.

It's the smile you smile through tears, And the tears you shed while smiling.

It's the happiness you feel when sad, And the sadness you feel when happy.

Love is the moments that seem like hours, And the hours that seem like moments.

It's the sun on a stormy day, And the storm on a sunny day.

It's the tiny snowflake that melts before touching it, And the blanket of snow that touches you, every part of you.

Love is the desire to run when you know you can hardly walk, And the desire to express yourself when you know you aren't able to talk.

It's the feeling of hunger you experience when you can't eat, And the feeling of fullness you experience when you want to eat.

Love is wanting and needing to give and seeming only to receive. It's the pain you feel when you're too numb to feel any pain.

It's the mild, rough touch of a strong, guiding hand. Love is standing still when everything is moving.

It is moving when everything is standing still.

Love is beautiful and the essence of beauty, and in this, it is no paradox.

A GRADUATE'S PRAYER

Lord, help me--it is dark. Are you here in my darkness, Lord? In just a few more short hours I am going to leave Manor. As I look at my classmates for the last time, I try to smile; but underneath I am so afraid.

Remember, Lord, when I used to complain to you in the chapel about those hard history, anatomy, English and business law tests. How I could hardly wait till June. Lord, I take it all back...if only I could relive just one of those days. I want to stop the clock, Lord...I am not prepared to face the world. But, no one askes me if I am ready. No one wants to know my fears. I'm so secure here, Lord, why do I have to enter a world of insecurity?

Dear God, how can you be so cruel? I'm too young to face the world's demands. I'm not ready to say yes. And yet, Lord, I have no choice. The time has come for me to find my place. Please give me the courage to find my new role.

Up until now my eyes have reflected a childlike happiness because I have only seen the things which pleased me, I must open them wide. I must see poverty and despair. I must see cruelty and injustice. Your people are calling me, Lord. I must not ignore their pleas.

Somewhere, a blindman desperatly needs my firm hand to guide him, Somewhere, an atheist longs for the knowledge I can give him, Somewhere, a drunk awaits my words of encouragement. Yes, somewhere my youthful strength and enthusiasm is in great demand.

How can I say no and turn my back?

I am ready now, Lord. I am ready to say good-bye. I realize now the importance of giving myself to others. I will never forget the parents, teachers, and friends who have inspired me with their high ideals. Above all, Jesus, I will never forget those girls who have been a part of my life for the past two years. Thanks for letting me meet them.

Yes, Dear God, it's so hard to part; but I will never really miss them because each girl has left a part of herself in my heart.

Deep, deep inside of me, I have a hidden dream to follow, a dream that only we share. Perhaps it will take me a lifetime to accomplish. but, nevertheless, it will be worth it.

You know something, Lord, it's not dark anymore; I'm not afraid because you have shown me the guiding light—that has already brightened my future days. I LOVE YOU.

